





# DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

Mr. D. J. Hill, Agent Office, Norfolk, Va., is authorized to receive subscriptions for the Pioneer and receipt for the same. He will also forward any favors from our Norfolk friends intended for publication in this paper.

WILLIAM THOMPSON, S. E. corner of Baltimore and South sts., is authorized to receive advertisements for the Democratic Pioneer in the city of Baltimore, and receipt for the payment of the same.

YOUNG B. PALMER is authorized to receive advertisements for the Democratic Pioneer in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and receipt for the payment of the same.

TUESDAY MORNING, NOV. 26, 1850.

**NORTH CAROLINA LEGISLATURE.**  
This body assembled in Raleigh on the 18th inst., and proceeded to effect an organization.

In the Senate, Col. Bower nominated for Speaker the Hon. Weldon N. Edwards, and Mr. Gilmer nominated Col. Joyner. On calling the roll, Mr. Edwards received 26 votes, and Col. Joyner 17—whereupon the former was declared duly elected, and conducted to the chair by Messrs. Bower and Gilmer. He delivered a neat and pertinent address.

Hon. John Hill, of Stokes, and Genl. George E. B. Singletary, of Nash, were elected First and Assistant Clerks.

James Page of Randolph, and Patrick McGowan of Wake, were elected Principal and Assistant Doorkeepers.

Having thus completed its organization, the Senate adjourned over to Tuesday.

In the House of Commons, Hon. Jas. C. Dobbin, of Cumberland, and Hon. Kenneth Rayner of Hertford, were the rival candidates, and Mr. Dobbin was elected Speaker by a majority of 65 to 49. On being conducted to the chair, he returned his acknowledgments in a handsome speech.

After which Perrin Busbee of Wake, and Thos. B. Bailey of Orange, were elected Principal and Assistant Clerks.

The House then adjourned until Tuesday morning, when its organization was completed by the election of Mr. Bryson of Haywood, and Mr. Webster of Chatham, as Principal and Assistant Doorkeepers.

Joint Committees were then appointed by both Houses to wait upon the Governor and inform him of their readiness to receive any communication from him. He informed them that he would send in his annual message on Wednesday.

Speaking of the organization of the two Houses, the Standard says:

The Democrats have much reason to be proud of their first day's work in the way of organizing the two Houses.

The Speakers of the two Houses—Messrs. Edwards and Dobbin—are gentlemen whose talents would grace any deliberative body. Their past experience and the high reputation which belongs to both, is a sure pledge that they will acquit themselves well in the honorable and responsible stations to which they have been called.

The Clerks of the two Houses are admirably qualified for their duties. The Hon. John Hill, of Stokes, and General Singletary, of Nash, are the Clerks of the Senate; and Perrin Busbee, Esq., of Wake, and Thos. B. Bailey, Esq., of Orange, are Clerks of the House.

The two Houses have thus been organized the first day of the session, and we are happy to state that the organization is thoroughly Democratic, and is the result of the most harmonious action among our friends.

**EXTENSION OF TOWN BOUNDARIES.**  
At a meeting of the citizens of Elizabeth City, held at the Court-House on Thursday evening, (Joseph H. Pool, Esq. presiding,) resolutions were adopted in favor of extending the town limits, and a committee appointed to draw up a memorial to the Legislature for this purpose, and another to circulate said memorial and procure signatures.

**UNION MEETING IN PHILADELPHIA.**  
A great Union meeting was held in the Chinese Museum, Philadelphia, on the evening of the 21st., at which resolutions were adopted in favor of the Union and declaring the Fugitive Slave Law in accordance with the Constitution. The meeting was addressed by John Sargent, Joseph R. Ingersoll, Charles J. Ingersoll, and others. A letter was read from Hon. James Buchanan, excusing himself from attending. He strongly censures Northern fanaticism, and is for rebuking, punishing and putting down agitation in the Northern and free States, in regard to Southern Slavery. He denounced the Wilmot Proviso, and pronounced it as dead—speaks of the Fugitive Slave law as constitutional and ought to be abided by. The letter throughout is said to be patriotic and well-tempered.

The Hon. David S. Reid, Governor elect, is at present in Raleigh, stopping at the Yarbrough House.

The people of Virginia intend petitioning the Legislature to erect a monument at the University of Virginia to the memory of Thomas Jefferson.

**GREAT SPEECHES.**—Mr. Benton has been making a great speech in St. Louis. Mr. Clayton has been making a great speech at Wilmington. Mr. Webster has been making a great speech at New York, and Mr. Clay a great speech at Lexington.

Congress assembles on Monday next.

## COMMERCIAL NON-INTERCOURSE.

This mode of retaliation upon the North for her many and oft-repeated aggressions upon the South, is being adopted by the people of many of the Southern States, as the only effectual means of checking the onward career of fanaticism and injustice. The North, it is known, batten upon the substance of the South—the latter constitutes the great market of the former, and she not only furnishes the raw material, but purchases it back in the form of manufactured fabrics, whereby she necessarily incurs the expense of transportation and manufacturing. The North is wholly dependent upon her for the raw material, without which her manufacturing establishments would cease to operate. Under this system the South has been impoverished, and the North enriched—enriched upon the products of slave labor;—her towns and cities have flourished, while ours have either remained stationary or dwindled into comparative insignificance. The South has paid millions of tribute to the North, and in return has received unmitigated abuse and denunciation. She has conceded much, borne much for the sake of peace and harmony; but her concessions and forbearance have failed to appease the voracious appetite of our Northern masters. Not content with a monopoly of the profits of slave labor, they hurl firebrand after firebrand into our midst, for the purpose of exciting the slave population to insubordination and rebellion. They leave no stone unturned by which they may create dissensions among us and break down our domestic institutions. The South have never interfered with their domestic concerns, but they have been constantly meddling with ours.

This unnatural, wanton and unjust course on the part of the North towards the South, is at length awakening the latter to a true sense of her real position and duty, and a feeling of just resentment and strong indignation is manifesting itself. Our people are now beginning to realize the truth and weight of the old adage—"there is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue," and that point has been reached. They now see the absurdity and folly of pampering their oppressors, and kicking the hand of those that smite them. They now see the necessity of becoming independent of the North, and relying more upon their own skill and energy. Self-preservation is the first law of nature; and, driven to this extremity, they are now earnestly bethinking themselves of a remedy for this great and growing evil.

What shall we do? Where is the panacea that shall heal this ghastly wound? We love the Union, and would preserve it as long as we can do so with honor and a due self-respect. What, then, is the course pointed out by the dictates of common sense and a proper regard for our own best interests and welfare? Non-intercourse, or commercial retaliation, is the response which a very considerable portion of the South give to this inquiry; and, for one, we are earnestly in favor of the policy. This is one mode of wringing tardy justice from our reluctant oppressors. This will teach them to feel our importance and respect our rights.

What is this non-interference or commercial retaliation? It is simply the formation of associations (usually denominated "Southern Rights Associations") for the purpose of uniting our people upon the policy of refusing to deal with Northern merchants, manufacturers, &c., and confining our expenditures to the South. This has been done in nearly all the Southern States, and in many places in our own. Farmers and planters have resolved to buy nothing at the North which can be purchased at the South, and consume no article of Northern manufacture when the same may be made at home.

Having thus briefly pointed out the evil and one of the remedies, let us next examine the results of such a policy as is here recommended. First, it would show to the North that we can be independent of them; second, it would demonstrate their dependence upon us; third, it would build up our now neglected and dilapidated towns and villages into thrifty and populous cities; and, fourth, it would be the means of establishing an extensive direct trade between the South and foreign countries. The advantages here pointed out would be incalculable; and they must address themselves to every Southern heart with too much force to require argument.

Should this thing be done, and our farmers and others resolve upon non-intercourse, the first step would be to manufacture more at the South, and thereby give profitable employment to our people, and retain our money among us; and the next, to make direct importations from abroad of such articles as cannot conveniently be at once procured at the South, thereby saving the cost of transportation as well as the profit which we are now paying to Northern importers. Why may not our merchants import their own goods as well as the Northern? Let the people but give them assurances of support and co-operation, and they will not hesitate to procure such supplies from abroad as may be needed; and if this is impracticable, let the policy of non-intercourse be adopted by this section of North Caro-

lina, and we have not the shadow of a doubt that Norfolk would at once become an extensive importing city, and our merchants could purchase there, instead of going farther North. Some of the enterprising merchants of that city already import to a limited extent; and, if proper inducements are only held out, they will increase their operations to any extent which enlarged demands may require. They possess every facility, and we have no doubt every disposition to meet the buyers half way. Such a policy on the part of the South could not injuriously affect any portion of her people—but the reverse. Is it not, then, commended, by every consideration of self-respect, interest and State pride?—It is due to the dignity and prosperity of the South under any circumstances; but it is especially incumbent upon her at this time, when the North is loading her with insult upon insult.

And now to the practical application of these remarks. What say the people of Elizabeth City and Pasquotank county to the formation of a SOUTHERN RIGHTS ASSOCIATION? Other towns and counties have taken this step, and the merchant and the farmer have united in determining to carry it out. We learn that the enterprising proprietors of our extensive fisheries intend adopting this policy. Will not our people move in the matter? Are they not as spirited as those of any other section? Are they not as deeply interested as any others? Are they not as ready to resent an injury? We are proud to be able to say that we have conversed with many of our most respectable and influential citizens, and they all approve, heartily, the proposition; and we are confident that our mercantile men will unite in the work. And what say our neighboring towns of Hertford, Edenton, Plymouth, Columbia, Gatesville, &c.? Will they not keep the ball in motion?

We have not gone into details in this matter, because we have deemed it unnecessary to give more than a brief outline. An extra term of our Superior Court will be held in December—and our object has been to call attention to the subject, in order that our farmers, merchants and others, might give it that consideration which its great importance so imperiously demands. In order to accomplish it, there must be unanimity of sentiment and feeling. We trust that none will be found to oppose it. It is a Southern movement; and, as such, challenges the support of every Southern man and patriot, who would rejoice in seeing her released from the thralldom of Northern despotism.

## EDUCATION.

At the polite invitation of Mr. G. M. Wilder of the "Albemarle Institute," we attended an examination of his pupils on Thursday last, and were agreeably surprised at witnessing exhibitions of their proficiency in the various departments of learning. The ease and accuracy with which Latin was rendered into English, from promiscuous selections, were creditable alike to teacher and scholar; and the examinations in Grammar, Geography, &c., were equally satisfactory. But we were especially pleased with their arithmetical demonstrations on the black-board, in which some of the most difficult propositions were solved with a readiness which displayed their thorough knowledge of the branches through which they had passed. One little fellow, particularly, who was so small that he had to tip-toe to reach the board, astonished us by the facility with which he found the true interest upon a given sum of money, in which the principal, per centum, and number of months were all odd figures with fractions. But all acquitted themselves handsomely, and the beholder could not but be struck with admiration at their varied scholastic attainments.

Of the system of instruction adopted in this school, we cannot speak in terms of over-wrought commendation. It is not only sought to inculcate a knowledge of the rules of grammar, arithmetic, &c., but also to impress the pupils with the reasons therefor, and their practical application; so that the scholar not only acquires mere book-learning, but also the ability to apply it in the business affairs of life. This, after all, is the great desideratum of education; and the happy faculty which Mr. W. possesses of imparting instruction to the youthful mind cannot fail to exert a salutary influence both upon the literary accomplishments and business capacity of those who may be placed under his charge.

Col. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, former Vice President of the U. States, died at Frankfort, (where he was in attendance as a member of the Legislature,) on the 19th inst., of paralysis. Col. Johnson was distinguished in war as a brave soldier; in the Senate of the United States as a firm advocate of the abolition of imprisonment for debt; and, in the public and private walks of life, as a man of unbounded generosity of character.

The people of Texas, to whom the question of acceptance or rejection was submitted, have decided in favor of accepting the boundary proposed by Congress, in the "Compromise" bill.

## DUTY OF THE LEGISLATURE.

One of the measures most strenuously urged upon the present Legislature is the repeal of the law of 1846-7, and the restoration of the former law of apportionment. The law now existing was adopted contrary to "immemorial usage," and, it is alleged, shamefully gerrymanders the State. Speaking of the duties of the Legislature, the Wilmington Journal thus forcibly expresses itself:

In regard to the first of these questions, i. e. the repeal of the Gerry-mander law of 1846, we must avow ourselves most plainly and unequivocally in favor of it. We think that the Democratic party, which will have a majority in both branches, owes this to justice, to itself, to consistency, and to the country. The enactment of the law was a manifest deviation from established usage, without precedent or justification, done for political purposes and to serve party ends. It was uncalled for by the people, and an outrage upon propriety, and as such has ever since been denounced by the Democratic party, and now that that party is in the ascendancy, and has the power of repealing this obnoxious law, it is bound to repeal it, for a neglect to do so would, under the circumstances, amount to an approval and endorsement of it, and an acknowledgment that we of the Democratic party have been denouncing a law which we dare not repeal. Besides, even upon the grounds upon which the Feds. attempted to justify themselves in '46-7, it is our duty to repeal this law; for if, as was then argued, that party which had the ascendancy in the popular vote was entitled to a majority of the members of Congress, that majority now pertains of right to the Democratic party, who swept the State at the election in August last. But more than all this, the repeal of the Gerry-mander law will be introducing nothing new into the statute book; it will only be placing matters as they were in the regular course of things, which ought not to have been deviated from, as was done four years since. Decidedly, we think that the Gerry-mander must be repealed.

## ANOTHER ABOLITION EMISSARY FROM ABROAD.

The Hon. George Thompson, a member of the British Parliament, has recently arrived at Boston, for the purpose of delivering lectures on the subject of slavery, and to fan the flames of discord, now raging so fearfully. This is the second visit which this incendiary fanatic has made to our country on his hellish missions of agitation. Instead of attempting to alleviate the sufferings, the squalid misery and abject servitude of his own pauper countrymen, he crosses the Atlantic to meddle with our affairs and incite a spirit of rebellion among us. The telegraph gives the following brief account of his first appearance in Boston:

Boston, Nov. 16.  
An attempt was made by the Abolitionists to give a grand reception meeting last night in Faneuil Hall, to George Thompson, the notorious English Abolition lecturer. Mr. Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, undertook to introduce him to the audience. A confusion soon rose up and they were hissed down. Thompson then made his appearance for the purpose of speaking. Immediately the most terrific groans were given for John Bull, and deafening shouts for Daniel Webster and the Union, Governor Briggs and Jenny Lind. The hall was literally crowded. A ring was formed in the centre of it, and a large party commenced dancing in good earnest. Frederick Douglass, the noted negro, came forward at this juncture, and appealed most earnestly to the audience to listen. He was denounced as a fugitive slave. The gas lights were now turned off—darkness prevailed, and the confusion was beyond description. Such a scene of Faneuil never before witnessed. The speakers were obliged to retire amid the most awful groans. The hall was finally cleared and the meeting effectually broken up. No personal injury sustained.

A subsequent effort, however, was attended with better success, and this demon of discord permitted to receive the "honors," as will be seen by the following:

Boston, Tuesday, A. M.  
The "Reception" of George Thompson by the Colored People, which took place at the Belknap Place Church last evening, was not attended by any disorder. The police were early upon the ground, and protected the approach to the church by running a line across the head of the Court, and no person was permitted to enter without leave from a black man, who acted as inspector. The proceedings in the church were conducted in an orderly manner, and witnessed by all the leading spirits of the Anti-Slavery party.

Could a greater outrage be perpetrated? Could a grosser insult be offered to our people? "No person was permitted to enter (the meeting) without leave from a black man, who acted as inspector!" Are any portion of the American people so dead to all sense of shame and national degradation, as to encourage this base emissary from monarchial England in his foul work of detraction and desolation? Are we not burdened with dissension enough at home, without catching a fire-brand from abroad and driving our people to very madness and desperation? Have we not bad men enough in the country already, without importing more? Oh! Boston, it will be better for Sodom and Gomorrah than for thee!

Hon. J. M. Clayton, Gen. Taylor's Secretary of State, delivered a speech a few days since, at a dinner given him by the people of Wilmington, (Del.) in which he disclaimed all knowledge of, or connection with the Galphin claim, and spoke of Mr. Clay in very disparaging terms.

## THE BOSTON OUTRAGE.

The following letter from the President to the owner of the runaway negro, about whom so much fuss was raised by the Bostonians, who set the law at defiance, and rescued them from their authority, will be read with interest. It will be seen, that notwithstanding an organized resistance to the law, the President professes to have "so much confidence in the patriotism and devotion to the laws which have always characterized a large majority of the people of Boston, as not to believe for a moment that it will ever be necessary to call in any extraordinary aid to execute the laws in that community." If the case referred to, does not show the "necessity" of "calling in" "extraordinary aid," then we cannot conceive of one; and, if the President waits for a stronger one, his boasted determination to see the laws executed, is all humbug. We do not see how any man in his senses, could honestly declare, with all the glaring facts before him, that he had no doubt "the good sense of the community of Boston would soon rally to the support of the civil authorities, and that those who sustain the law would triumph."—Did their good sense rally to the support of the law? No. Did those who sustain the law triumph? No! Then away with such fustian!

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,  
Washington, Nov. 9, 1850.  
To ROBERT COLLINS, Esq., Macon, Ga.  
SIR:—I am instructed by the President to inform you that your letter of the 2d inst., addressed to him, enclosing several slips from newspapers, in reference to the proceedings of a portion of the community in Boston on the subject of the Fugitive Slave Law, was received by him yesterday, and that he has given to the letter and its enclosures a careful perusal.

You state, in substance, that you are the owner of Craft, one of the fugitive slaves for which warrants of arrest were issued in Boston, and call the President's attention to the enclosed slips, taken mostly from Northern papers, by which he will perceive the manner in which your agents were received and treated for merely asking that the slaves be returned according to the laws of the United States. That they have been arrested under various warrants, as kidnappers, and on other frivolous pretences, and unreasonable bail demanded; and that your friends have become their sureties for more than \$20,000. You also say that the manner in which the officers have performed their duty will appear by the slips, and that the warrants now lie dead in the Marshal's office. You then speak of the pernicious effect of such proceedings, and of their tendency to disturb the harmony of the Union, and of the great importance of having the law faithfully executed, and finally inquire, "whether it is not in the power, and is not the intention of the Executive of the United States to cause that law to be faithfully and properly enforced." To this the President directs me to reply that you cannot be more deeply impressed than he is with the importance of having every law faithfully executed. Every statute, in this country, passed in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution, must be presumed to embody the will of a majority of the people of the Union; and as such is entitled to the respect and obedience of every true American citizen; and the Constitution which the President has sworn to support, has made it his special duty "to take care that the laws be faithfully executed." He has no thought of shrinking from his duty, in this or in any other case; but will, to the utmost of his ability, firmly and faithfully perform it.

But how is he to cause the laws to be executed? First, by appointing proper officers to fill the various offices, and discharge their various functions with diligence and fidelity, and if any shall be found incompetent or unfaithful, by removing them, where he has the power of removal, and appointing more competent and faithful officers in their places.—And, secondly, in extreme cases, "when ever the laws of the United States shall be opposed, or the execution thereof obstructed, in any State, by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the powers vested in the civil officers with the posse which the law authorizes and requires them to call to their aid, it would be his duty to call forth the militia, and use the army and navy for the purpose of overcoming such forcible combinations against the laws. But, in either case, prudence and justice require that there should be more satisfactory evidence of official delinquency, or forcible resistance, than mere rumor, or newspaper statements; and as yet these are all which have been furnished in this case.

If any marshal neglect to perform his duty, the law gives a right of action to the aggrieved party for the injury which he may sustain, and if he refuses to perform it the statute has imposed upon him a severe penalty. But if he refuse or willfully neglect to perform it, when this shall be satisfactorily made to appear to the President, then, in addition to his liability to the aggrieved party, it would doubtless be the duty of the Executive to remove him from office and appoint another in his place. But your letter contains no proof of this kind, and therefore seems to require no action. It is equally clear that no case is presented justifying a call upon the militia, or the use of the army to execute the laws; and the President has so much confidence in the patriotism and devotion to the laws which have always characterized a large majority of the people of Boston, that he cannot for a moment believe that it will ever be necessary to call in any extraordinary aid to execute the laws in that community.

Individuals may become excited, and may in the heat of the moment offer resistance to the laws, but he has no doubt that in such an event, so much to be regretted, the good sense of the community would soon rally to the support of the civil authorities, and that those who sustain the law would triumph. But he sustains the law to assure you, that if, unfortunately, he shall find himself mistaken

in this, and the painful necessity should arise, he is resolved to perform his duty by employing all the means which the Constitution and Congress have placed at his disposal to enforce the law.

As to the complaint that your agents were unjustly prosecuted, and held to bail in unreasonable amounts for pretended offences, the President directs me to say that, however he may regret any such injustice and incivility, he is not aware that he has the power to remedy the evil. If the complaints against your agents be unfounded, the defendants will doubtless be acquitted, and if malicious, they have their remedy in an action for a malicious prosecution. But all these are judicial questions over which the Executive can exercise no control, and the evil complained of results from the acknowledged right of every individual to prosecute any one for an alleged offence or violation of right.

The President feels the importance of avoiding, as far as practicable, all causes of irritation between the North and the South, and especially on the exciting subject of slavery. Were he permitted to advise, he would suggest to all the importance of permitting the laws to take their usual course, and that everything like intimidation and illegal or unjust annoyance should be scrupulously avoided. Every effort should be made to cultivate a fraternal feeling. We should be a people of one interest and one sentiment, knowing no local division, and tolerating no sectional injustice. Our Union, so dear to the heart of every true American, can only be preserved by a strict observance of the Constitution and an impartial administration of the laws.

I am, sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,  
W. S. DERRICK,  
Acting Secretary.

## THE NASHVILLE CONVENTION.

Adjourned on the 18th., after adopting a preamble—the same as offered by Governor Clay, of Alabama, and resolutions framed from those of Mississippi. They affirm the right of secession, denounce the acts of Congress as unjust, and recommend a general Congress of the Southern States to maintain the rights of the South, and if possible, to preserve the Union. No time for re-assembling designated. During its session, Langdon Cheves delivered a powerful speech in favor of immediate secession—said to be the ablest effort ever made on the question, which will create a decided sensation. Mr. Cheves is one of the most extensive planters in South Carolina, and is now about seventy-five years of age. He was a member of Congress from that State in 1812, and belonged to a mess, whose other members were Calhoun, Clay, Lowndes, Grundy and Bibb, of whom Messrs. Cheves, Clay and Bibb are the only survivors. This mess exercised at that time more influence in the Republican party, in Congress and with Mr. Madison, than any other set of men. On one occasion they differed—that of the celebrated merchants' bond case, and Mr. Clay opposed Mr. Cheves. But the powerful speech of Mr. Cheves carried the day.

After the adoption of the resolutions, the Tennessee delegation, not being satisfied with the proceedings, withdrew from the body, whose doings were denounced by them as "unhallowed and unworthy of Southern men." At this juncture intense excitement prevailed—but, otherwise, the utmost good order and decorum prevailed throughout the session.

The "worthy President" of the Albemarle Engine Company (an unfortunate individual for whom we have great sympathy) authorizes us to tender his profoundest acknowledgments to the Editor of the "Old North State," for the indulgence manifested towards him by that gentleman, in his paper of Saturday; and further, to say that he pleads guilty to the "soft impeachment" of having neglected to call out the company on the occasion of the alarm of fire on the morning of the 20th inst., which said fire occurred in a room over the store of Col. W. G. Cook, and which he rejoices to say, was extinguished without much injury. He deeply regrets this dereliction; and, like the truant school-boy, promises that, if you will let him off this time, he will "go and sin no more."

By-the-by, speaking of the "worthy President," reminds us of a meeting held by the company on Friday evening, at which a committee was appointed to solicit contributions from our citizens for procuring hose, repairing the engine, &c. We are gratified to be able to say that the committee have received the most flattering encouragement at the hands of the worthy denizens of Elizabeth City, who second the efforts of the company with commendable alacrity. They are proceeding rapidly to uniform themselves, and we have no doubt will in a few weeks present a creditable appearance.

Things look squally at Washington, according to late accounts. The President is uneasy as to the present agitated aspect of affairs at the North, and the result of the deliberations of the Nashville Convention. Hon. I. E. Holmes, of S. C., in an interview with him, informed him that agitation was as bad as a refusal to obey the fugitive slave law, and that Southern Representatives were determined not to resist its repeal, if the North urged it.

## LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

New York, Nov. 21—8 P. M.  
The steamer Crescent City arrived here at five o'clock this afternoon, from Chagres. She brings dates from San Francisco to October 15, being two weeks later than previous accounts. She has 350 passengers, and brings a half million gold dust in the hands of passengers, and eleven hundred thousand dollars worth on freight, about forty-two thousand of which is destined for Baltimore.

Flour at San Francisco was selling at \$23 to \$25 per bbl. Pork firm at \$28. Groceries active and advancing. Sugar two to three cents higher. Coffee scarce and in demand at 24 a 25 cents per lb.—Tobacco in active demand and prices advanced.

Arrived at San Francisco, Nov. 12th, brig Orinoco from Baltimore. She spoke August 20th, schooner Wilmington and 28 other schooners, among them the Governor Davis, from Baltimore, for San Francisco.

The cholera was raging terribly at Port Royal. The news of the admission of California into the Union had been received, and created great rejoicing.

The advices from the mines are of a mixed character. The gold is being discovered abundantly in quartz, and this it is believed, will eventually form the great resource of the country, when the surface digging shall have given out. The news from the overland emigrants is most distressing. It is estimated that twenty thousand persons were beyond the desert journeying for California, many of whom were destitute and suffering great distress.

The cholera had broken out at a large portion of the mining districts and persons were dying with fearful rapidity.

## LATER FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE NIAGARA.  
COTTON AND CORN DECLINED.—WHEAT UNCHANGED.—The steamer Niagara arrived at Halifax on the morning of the 22d inst., with later news from Europe. She brings nothing of interest politically. Cotton had declined from 1 1/2 to 1. Flour remains unchanged. We quote Canal at 23s. Baltimore 24s.

Wheat as at last advices. Corn declined 6d. with few sales. Tobacco in good demand—prices firm. The money market was easier. Consols 97 1/2.

Affairs in France and Germany were more quiet at the sailing of the steamer.

SLAVES UNWILLING TO BE FREE.—A wealthy planter of Tennessee died recently, and in his will set his slaves free. His executor proceeded to Illinois and purchased a valuable tract of land for them to settle on; but when they were about to embark at Memphis, they surrounded him, and implored him to let them remain; and, notwithstanding he told them if they remained they would have to continue in slavery, they still insisted, and assured him that was just what they wanted. He at length assented, and their great joy found vent in vociferous cheers.

## MARINE DISASTER.

We learn from Capt. Gray, of the ship North Carolina, that on Friday night, 15th inst., the Brig Roanoke while on her way from Newbern to Ocracoke, struck on Brant Island Shoals, bilged and capsized, drowning the Captain, cook, and an apprentice boy, who had taken to the boat with the intention of reaching the Light Boat near that point.

The N. Y. Herald, in replying to the ridicule cast upon Americans by the English press for our extravagance about Jenny Lind, says—

"The people of this country have more money than melancholy—more beef than bowels—more fun than fashion—more brains than beer—more soul than selfishness—more impulses to be enlightened than interests to be consulted—more freedom from excitements than excitements for freedom—more downright, hearty unconcealed, frolicsome, go-ahead-iveness, than ever could be generated among a people, the mass of whom are forced to live on small wages, and to find their own tea and sugar."

GOING TO THE WORLD'S FAIR.—The Portsmouth (Va.) Pilot speaks of a party of six gentlemen already who are preparing to leave Portsmouth early in the Spring for the World's Fair at London, and to be accompanied by several North Carolina friends. One of the gentlemen will wear at the fair a suit of wool, with a wool hat, grown and manufactured in the Old North State.

INTERESTING MARRIAGE.—A very interesting ceremony was performed on Thursday in New York, where neither the officiating clergyman, nor any of the parties interested uttered a syllable. It took place in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum; the bride, groom, bride's maid and groomsmen being all deaf mutes, and the ceremony being conducted entirely with the fingers. Previous to the marriage, Mr. Peet, the President, made a silent address to the pupils, which, though entirely incomprehensible to the spectators, seemed to be highly interesting to those who understood the language.

Why was the conqueror of Canaan like a child whom nobody fathers? Because he is the son of Nani.

There is a boy in Indiana, aged ten years, who is so uncommon tall that he cannot tell when his toes are cold.

A modern physiologist notes the extraordinary fact, that at the dinner table, every time a man crooks his elbow his mouth opens.—Can anybody explain this phenomenon?







## POETRY.

### THERE'S GOOD IN ALL.

BY JEAN L. BRUCE.

Oh! turn not with disdainful air,  
Away from those who err,  
For thou art not immaculate,  
Though virtue's worshipper;  
But cheer them with a kindly smile,  
And with a gentle tone,  
Bid conscience from her torpor wake,  
Ere yet all hope be flown.

'Tis not reproach or stern rebuke  
Will win the spirit back,  
Will teach the wayward heart to fly  
From sin's care-haunted track;  
But let the music of the heart  
In generous accents fall,  
You'll find that sympathy's the weird  
The wand'ring to recall.

Unwarily, in thoughtless hours,  
From tyrant passion's sway,  
Many a heart is steep'd in guilt,  
That blazes existence' day;  
In cold derision mock them not  
For faults of early birth,  
Intolerance is the demon sad,  
Whose nightshade strews the earth.

Behold in every human form  
An impress of its God,  
'Twas he that gemm'd the liquid sky,  
That deck'd the vernal sod;  
'Twas he that fir'd the mystic brain,  
The heart's affections warm,  
And left the mighty power with man  
To mould in any form.

Let memory waft the felon's heart  
Ascend from childhood's home—  
The blazing hearth—the flow'ry path  
His steps were wont to roam—  
The mother's voice—the sister's smile—  
These, these will peace restore—  
Repentance strikes her hallow'd chords,  
And wins him back once more.

Not scourging jeers, or tyrant lash,  
May turn the heart to truth,  
For censure, wing'd with cruel taunts,  
Will warp the mind of youth;  
But ope love's spring with key benign,  
Of gentle speech and looks—  
'Twill more inspire and shape the soul  
Than all that's writ in books.

Ev'n as the parent bird will teach  
Her new-fledged one to spring  
From branch to branch until it learns  
To soar on fearless wing,  
Thus should the youthful mind be train'd  
Till step by step it rises,  
To pass unsullied thro' the world  
As stars float through the skies.

There's good, there's good in every heart  
That throbs with pulse of life,  
Though its first purity be lost  
Mid earth's unwhitened strife;  
As dew-drops hidden on the rose  
The fruitful germ may be,  
Let mercy pour a sunbeam there,  
The gem's revealed to thee.

Then scorn them not by adverse fate  
Neglected, left and lone,  
For not with heart or mind mature  
Are falling minds born;  
But talkman fond kindness hath,  
The perversity to reform;  
It rests with thee, thou cultured one!  
To purge the blackened stream.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the London Family Herald.]

### ALICE; or, The Rescue.

CHAPTER I.

"Whether do you ride to-day, my dear?" said Mrs. Florence to her daughter, as the latter, attired in a handsome equestrian dress, entered the parlor. "I don't know, mamma—just where the fancy of the moment takes me," replied the daughter, stooping to kiss her mother's forehead, and then proceeding to arrange her riding hat before the mirror.

"Do not go far, my child. I never see you venture out thus alone without a presentiment that something will happen."

"But you have so many presentiments and all to no purpose," gaily replied her daughter, "that I think we can afford to disregard them by this time. Yet, mamma," she said, approaching her parent again, and throwing a fair arm fondly around her neck, "if it really alarms you, I will give up riding."

The widowed mother looked up fondly at her beautiful child, and kissing her fondly, said: "No, no, Alice, you shall not deprive yourself of almost the only pleasure left you. Pursue your daily rides. In this primitive district, so far removed from the high roads of commerce, there can be no real peril in riding out unattended; it is an idle, foolish fear on my part—only as you were always accustomed in your dear father's life to have a servant when you rode, it seems odd to see you without one, that is all; I dare say I shall soon get accustomed to it, as to other sacrifices."

"Never think of it as a sacrifice again, mamma," replied the beautiful girl. "Nothing is a sacrifice to me while I have you left."

"God bless you, Alice," answered the mother. "I am glad that, notwithstanding our reverses, you can still keep your beautiful Arab."

Alice for reply put her arm around her mother's waist, and drew her to the window. A superb white steed, ready as a paragon, and held by the sole male servant of the establishment, who officiated as groom and gardener both, stood pawing the earth in front of the cottage.

"Is he not beautiful?" said Alice enthusiastically. "I do believe, dear mamma, that, next to you, I love Arab better than any thing on earth. How fleetly he carries me! How boldly we leap the ditches and fences in our way! Oh! mamma, there's nothing so exhilarating as to gallop over the hills on a bracing November morning like this, and as you reach each new acclivity, catch a taste of the sea-breeze that drifts far inland, when the wind, as now, is from the east; and then to pull up on some lofty height and see glimpses of the ocean away in the distance, with perchance a sail whitening its dark green bosom. Nothing, nothing makes the blood so dance in the veins, or fills the heart with equal exultation!"

The parent looked up admiringly at her child, as the latter thus spoke, and indeed others, less favorably prejudiced might have done the same. Alice was one of those tall, aristocratic-looking creatures, who, notwithstanding a cer-

tain slenderness, realize perhaps the highest idea of female beauty. Her figure was of the lordly Norman type, and perfect in its proportions; while every movement was graceful yet dignified. Her face was of that almost divine beauty which we see in the Beatrice Cenci of Guido. The same dazzling complexion, the same blue eyes, the same golden hair; but combined with the same air of high resolve and almost masculine courage chiselled about the lines of the brow and mouth. Her countenance, always lovely, was now transcendently beautiful, for it glowed with enthusiasm.

Her mother, we have said, looked up at her fondly. Mrs. Florence, the widow of a Boston merchant, supposed to be a millionaire while living, but whose estate after his death scarcely yielded a surplus sufficient to afford his wife and only child a bare subsistence, was a woman of a loving, tender heart, but without any of that masculine strength of character which Alice inherited from her father. But for Alice, the widow would have broken down under the loss of a dearly-beloved husband, and the unexpected revulsion of fortune. It was Alice who comforted the despairing Mrs. Florence; who planned their removal to the economical district where they now lived; and who, by constantly denying herself a thousand little luxuries, managed to make their scanty income suffice for their support. The widowed mother not only loved her as a daughter, but looked up to her unconsciously as an adviser.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Florence with a sigh, "if you enjoy your rides, that is all! But I am sure I had rather be sitting here, looking at my flowers, than galloping over the finest country in the world. But you are just like your dear father, who was the boldest and most graceful rider of his day."

"Good-bye, mamma," said Alice, smilingly; "if I stay to hear myself spoiled, I shall be spoiled." With these words she broke from her parent, left the apartment, and was seen the next moment tripping lightly down the steps, daintily holding her riding-skirt up with her small but heavily-gloved hand. With the nimbleness of a deer, she vaulted into the saddle, gathering up the reins with a firm hand, and nodding a gay adieu to her mother, was off, her spirited steed scattering the gravel right and left from beneath his hoofs.

"Dear child," said her mother, thus left alone, "may heaven protect thee! Yet it sometimes seems," she added with a sigh, "as if I were destined to lose my Alice. I love her too much to keep her with me. And yet, oh! Father in Heaven, now dimmed with tears, spare Thou this, my only comfort on earth; temper the wind to the shorn lamb, and leave me something for which to hope!"

## CHAPTER II.

A succession of inviting views, one following another, as hill after hill was surmounted, had lured Alice on, until, upon reaching a lofty elevation, she was surprised to see an unknown view of the ocean rolling in at her feet. For the first time since she set out, she became aware how far she had gone. She drew forth her delicate little watch, one of the few relics of better days, which she had retained, and was surprised to find that nearly three hours had elapsed since she left home. The country about her was entirely strange to her. Never before had she protracted her ride so far. She had not intended to be absent three hours in all, and she began immediately to reproach herself, for she knew that long before she could return, her mother would be alarmed at her prolonged delay.

Just then a young lad driving a wagon appeared in sight. She accosted him, and asked the distance to B——, in whose suburbs her mother's cottage was located. The boy answered that the distance, by the high road, was twenty miles.

"Twenty miles!" said Alice, in despair. "Surely, there must be some shorter road?"

"Oh, yes, ma'm, there is," replied the lad; "to them as goes by the beach, it saves a matter of six miles."

"And how do you reach the beach?" asked Alice.

"You turn off at the double house yonder, and keep down the lane until you come out on the shore; then follow the beach as far as you can—it is three miles or so—when you will reach the high road again, just by Wallington church."

"Thank you," cried Alice too eager to get home to stop for further explanation; and as she spoke, she gave her spirited steed a cut with her riding-whip which made him spring almost from under her. The next instant she was galloping towards the lane that led to the sea-shore. The lad looked after her in stupid wonder—he had never seen any thing half so beautiful or brave. "I reckon," he cried, "that's one of the circus riders from Bosting, that Jim talks about."

The morning had been very clear, although the atmosphere, for more than twenty-four hours, had foreboded a storm. A bracing north-east wind had been blowing the preceding night as well as day, and had been steadily increasing. Alice had not noticed this, however, until she drew up to speak to the boy. As she turned to descend towards the ocean, the screen of woods and hills that had protected her was suddenly removed, and the violence of the gale almost took her from her head. She cared little for this, however, but stooped forward to breast the tempest, and dashed rapidly down the hill, knowing that her course, when she once reached the beach, would bring the wind on her back. She scarcely looked back until her horse's hoofs ceased to clatter on the rocky descent, and struck the firm, smooth sand of the beach; but when she did, and for the first time gazed seaward, she could scarcely restrain a cry of alarm, courageous as she was. Low, leaden-colored clouds driving rapidly in from the eastward, had completely shut out the sunshine, and involved the entire scene in gloom. Beneath the foreboding sky the wild waves were trooping onward towards the beach mountain-high, and everywhere whitened with foam. Still, after a moment's reflection, Alice saw nothing to fear. The lad knew the country well, as his words showed, and he would not have recommended this road to her if there

had been danger. And how could there be danger? She might get wet, should it rain, but that was all; and to recompense for this, what was more glorious than a sight of the ocean in a storm! These were her reflections; then, urged on by her rein and hesitated; then urging on her steed, she started for a gallop along the beach.

For a mile she maintained an unbroken pace. The smooth road under foot, the breeze that would have been too sharp for any thing but a gallop, and the roar of the tremendous surf that broke beside her, gave a wild exhilaration to the spirits of the bold rider, which all can comprehend who have been, like her, on horseback amid the raging of the elements. On, she dashed, her veil flying behind her, her cheek flushed with excitement. Suddenly a jutting rock projected itself, to the foot of which the billows nearly approached. She did not hesitate. Something told her that a clear road lay beyond; and, with a word of encouragement to her half-afrighted horse, she dashed through the waves, wetting the hoofs of the smoking steed.

She was not mistaken. The cliffs she had just passed formed the southern end of a deep horseshoe-like indentation of the coast; and now a wide, level beach, about two miles in extent, opened before her. This beach was terminated at its northern extremity by a high rock, that rose like a wall more than two hundred feet above the sands. Alice's first look, after she had scanned the beach, was at this cliff, to see if the road beneath was passable. To her joy she beheld a long stretch of sand, with boulders scattered here and there between the foot of the rock and the sea; and on a second scrutiny, she saw a plainly defined water-mark, traced by the seaweed by the last tide, at least three hundred feet distant from the precipice.

"Now, Arab," she said, exultingly, at this sight, "fly, fly my brave friend, and we shall be home before the dinner-hour after all. Behind yonder promontory lies the spire of Wallington, and from thence it is scarcely an hour's gallop to the cottage."

The noble animal seemed to understand her, and to have participated both in her momentary fear and in her present joy; he spurred the sand with his rapid hoofs, and fairly flew along his path.

Half the distance had already been traversed, when Alice, who had been watching in proud admiration the sun whitening the ocean everywhere, turned her glance towards the promontory. What was her horror to behold the advancing tide, which boiled and foamed around the huge boulders, now fast disappearing! She had forgotten to estimate the influence of the gale in throwing in an unusually high surf, as also to reflect that, as the beach was comparatively level, a very small rise in the tide would submerge it; but both these things now rushed upon her mind, and brave as she was, she turned pale with terror, as she checked her horse.

"What is to be done?" she cried aloud, involuntarily. "At the rate at which the tide is coming in, the foot of the promontory will be impassable by the time I reach it. I will retrace my steps," she said, with instant decision; "this is my only chance."

She turned her horse's head as she spoke, but what was her dismay when she beheld the road by the southern promontory already buried in the wild waters, that breaking at its foot, threw the spray half way up the precipitous ascent. Escape, by the other way, she saw was impossible. The reins dropped from her hands, which she clasped to her face.

"Oh! mother, mother," she cried, "who shall break to you the tidings? Who shall dare carry my drowned corpse to your door, even if the ocean should cast it ashore?"

But it was not in the nature of Alice to submit silently to death, while even a ray of hope remained. The promontory ahead was yet unreachably by the waters, and if she spared no time in pushing forward, it might not be entirely impassable. Even though the tide should be at its base, Arab could swim, and a bold rider might force him through. At any rate this was the only prospect of escape. Blaming herself for her momentary halt, by which precious moments had been lost, she urged her faithful animal to its utmost speed. Arab dashed forward like a gull shooting down the wind, and Alice, with pale cheeks and compressed lips, awaited the result.

Swift and swifter the gallant steed swept over the sands, but nearer and wider came the advancing tide to the foot of the cliff. Alice saw, with breathless horror, that the waves would cover the path before she could reach it; but nevertheless she pressed on with the high resolve of a courageous heart, that does its utmost even in moments of despair. The critical point was still more than two hundred yards distant, when a tremendous breaker hurled itself against the base of the cliff, flung its white, cold spray up the face of the rock as high as the yard arm of a first-rate man-of-war. Another and another wave followed, submerging the sands entirely, and half-burying even those of the boulders that lay close in by the cliff. Yet still Alice urged on her steed. Snorting wildly, Arab would have shrunk back, but his mistress, encouraging him with her voice, pushed him at the pass. A breaker had just spent itself, and was receding; she thought this a favorable moment, and she struck her steed sharply with her whip. He sprang forward gallantly, and had already passed what she thought the critical point, when, to her despair, she saw that the waters bathed the feet of the cliff for at least fifty yards farther on.

Her hopes sank within her. She felt the blood coursing back to her heart, and her heart itself seemed to cease beating. A chill of horror overcame all her nerves, yet mechanically she urged Arab forward. A second breaker, however, thundering in at this moment almost swept the faithful animal from his feet, and nearly flung Alice from the saddle, her hat falling off in the concussion. No longer able to keep her seat unassisted, she grasped the neck of her steed mechanically with her right hand, while, with distended eyes, she gazed on a third billow that was now rolling towards her. On came the mountainous wave, towering, towering, towering, un-

til its dark and glistening front rose almost perpendicularly overhead. Alice was breathless with horror. Suddenly a spook of foam appeared at one extremity of this long wall of water; it ran swiftly along the top, curling over as it advanced, and then with a roar as of a hundred batteries the huge mass plunged headlong, burying steed and rider from sight in a whirlwind of foam. A wild, shrill scream of a woman, lost in the shriek of a horse in his last agony, rose above the howling of the wind, and the cry of the frightened gulls; and then, all was overwhelmed in the thunder of the breaker.

## CHAPTER III.

On the morning of that day a pleasure yacht, the property of a young Bostonian of fortune, was returning from the last cruise of the season. The experienced pilot saw, in the gathering clouds, the impending storm, and advised that all sail should be made at once for the nearest harbour. Accordingly the helm was put up, and the course laid for Wellington Bay, which happened to be under the lee.

A gay party was on board of that yacht. Fortune had showered her gifts on all present, but on none more than on Arthur Mordaunt, the owner of the dashing little craft. As he sat now in the midst of his guests, towering half a head above the tallest, with his handsome and intelligent countenance lighted up with the excitement of conversation, he presented the beau ideal of a sailor. He wore the sailor's dress in which all were attired, particularly brave Mordaunt, especially the low, Byron collar, which revealed a throat that might have come from the chisel of Praxiteles.

"I wonder you have never married, Mordaunt," said one of his friends, lighting a fresh cigar. "Honestly, I believe you would be far happier; you were made for that sort of thing; only we should lose this pleasant yachting, and faith I should be sorry for that."

"You need not be alarmed my dear fellow," replied Mordaunt. "I shall never marry until I am really in love; and I have yet to see the woman who will permanently tempt my heart. Flirtations one has by dozens; but love is a different matter."

"You are fastidious," replied another of his guests.

"Who does not know that?" interposed the first speaker. Whatdowell is so *recherche* as Mordaunt's bachelor establishment? What horses are so choice? What yacht is so beautiful? The fact is, Mordaunt wants a wife who shall be more than mortal, so I think our bachelor yachting is likely to last till he dies of old age."

"Oh! I should not give up yachting," replied Mordaunt, laughing, "even if I were married; though, perhaps, I should be more select in my invitations, for I should like my wife along with me."

"The deuce you would!" cried several, in a breath.

"Yes; and there's the point, answered Mordaunt. "When I marry, I want a wife who is both beautiful and brave; one who can grace a ball room, yet is not afraid to back a horse or steer a yacht."

"An amon, in short," cried all, with a roar of laughter, "what the Parisians call *la femme parfaite*."

"Oh, no, no!" said Mordaunt. "Above all things I detest the *femme parfaite*. I know one in Paris, who swam for a bet with another in the Seine—she was a perfect human monster, neither man nor woman—laugh! it makes me mad to think of her. Now, my taste is for a woman who is feminine at all times, but yet is not a coward; one who can share my passion for out-of-door exercise, yet not cease to be a lady. There are plenty of such in England; but here, too frequently, our females are either hot-house plants or fainting flowers."

"And, by George!" said one, interrupting him, "yonder goes a horsewoman who is bold enough, and as well as I can judge at this distance, beautiful enough too. I would not be in her peril for a thousand dollars."

All eyes followed the direction of the speaker's finger, and beheld, at the distance of more than a mile, a solitary female on horseback, riding under the cliffs, along the beach.

Mordaunt seized the spy-glass, and took a long look at Alice, for she it was. "She is as beautiful as an houri," he said, shutting up the telescope, "and as brave as Zenobia. But she is in imminent peril; the tide is making so fast, that it will soon render the promontory ahead impassable, and return by the way she came is already cut off by the waters."

"Good Heavens! what is to be done?" cried another, who had meantime been lying on the grass.

"We must put about," said Mordaunt. "We are already to leeward of the point and shall have some difficulty to beat up, at least in time to assist her; but we must try."

The pilot here ventured to hint that the yacht might be beached, if any such hazardous experiment was tried. "I don't care for the yacht," said Mordaunt, "but I think there is no danger. We'll beat up till we get to windward of the point, when I'll take the life-boat, and leave you; two of the crew will answer my purpose. As sure as there is a heaven, that courageous girl, unless we do this, will be drowned."

"And even that can't save her," said the pilot.

The yacht, however, was put about, and lying close to the wind, soon began to regain precious ground. As she plunged into the deep seas, every spar straining and timber creaking, the cheek of more than one on board blanched; but no one ventured to remonstrate. All felt, with Mordaunt himself, that the duty to attempt a rescue demanded the risk.

"Ah! she sees her danger now," cried one, "she stops—she looks back—she hesitates; and now she has decided, for she dashes forward, even faster than before."

"Gallant creature!" cried Mordaunt, "she is worth risking a dozen lives for. Most of her sex would have stopped, paralysed with terror, till the tide was upon her; but she sees her only chance, and loses not a moment in availing herself of it."

The most breathless suspense now en-

ly approaching each other from opposite points. The former, however, was still comparatively far from the promontory, when the first breaker cut off the escape of Alice.

"Launch the boat!" cried Mordaunt, eagerly. "Jack, you and Bill accompany me; we must trust to our oars."

"How nobly she dashes at the pass," cried one of his friends. "Did you see that cut with the whip? There, she seizes the opportunity when the wave has receded, she thinks there are but a few yards to pass instead of that long stretch of sand; all now she beholds the real extent of the peril—there, a breaker nearly buries her—no! she still holds on, but her hat is gone—she cannot longer control her frightened horse—good heavens, that roller has buried her for ever!"

An awful silence succeeded these breathless words. The life-boat was not yet launched, and Mordaunt still remained on deck. He was pale with excitement. Every eye was fixed on the spot where Alice had disappeared; and an age seemed to pass ere the huge breaker rolled backwards. At last, the receding waters disclosed the steed struggling in the undertow; but his fearless rider was gone. Her hat alone was seen floating out in the breakers.

"Is all over, you can do no good," cried several; "that sea will drown you, Mordaunt!"

By this time the boat was rocking aside, and the crew stood ready for their leader, if he determined to go.

"I will recover her body at least, or die," said Mordaunt, as he leaped aboard the slight cockshell. "Give way, my lads."

The little craft shot off, and held stubbornly on its way, now appearing, now disappearing, as the huge billows sank and rose between it and the yacht. We shall leave the latter and follow Mordaunt.

Nearly ten minutes elapsed before the boat reached the vicinity where Alice had disappeared, a period that seemed an hour to Mordaunt. The surf was now breaking high around the promontory, and this, combined with the boulders scattered about, rendered approach to the spot perilous in the extreme. When as close as it was deemed prudent to go, Mordaunt half arose and looked around.

"Yonder is the horse; poor fellow, he is dead," he cried, after a moment. "He has drifted past the point and into Wallington Bay. We must seek there for the lady too; for a strong current seems to set in that direction. Ha! what is that? A skirt floating on the water—it is she—now, a hundred dollars apiece, lads, for doing your best—give way, give way!"

The stout oars almost snapped, so sinewy were the efforts of the rowers, and the boat shot rapidly forward. Promptly Mordaunt neared the inanimate form, whose identity was no longer doubtful. Utterly careless of danger, for but one thought now possessed him, that of rescuing the body, in the hope that life might not yet be quite extinct, he steered the boat right in among the breakers, following the helpless form of Alice.

He approached the body, and attempted to grasp it, but it eluded his effort, and the boat, no longer steered by a skillful hand, whirled over. Instantly Mordaunt and his crew were struggling in the breakers. But the men, as if anticipating what would have been their leader's commands, grasped at the cords that hung from the sides of the craft, and thus held her firmly; while Mordaunt, luckily a bold and powerful swimmer, dived after the disappearing figure of Alice. He was fortunate in grasping the skirt of her dress almost immediately; but the next moment, a new breaker overwhelmed him, and both disappeared from sight.

Meantime, however, the boat and her crew had been carried on in the preceding surge; and the boat having been righted dexterously, was now heading the breakers to go in search of Mordaunt. The men soon caught sight of their leader, as, holding Alice with one arm, while, with the other he steered his way, he rode inward on a third breaker. The boat shot like an arrow towards him; he grasped one of her ropes; and, dragging her, the crew sprang out, dragging her towards the beach. The manœuvre was executed so skillfully and rapidly that, when the fourth breaker rolled in, it did not submerge the party, nor was the undertow afterwards sufficient to carry them out again to sea. Before a fifth surge could overtake them, they were safely landed on the dry beach.

## CHAPTER IV.

Fortunately, a farm-house was in sight close to the shore of the bay, and thither Mordaunt hastened with his inanimate burden. Alice, to all appearance, was lifeless; but he reflected that persons, who had been in the water even longer than she had, were sometimes recovered, and he was resolved not to despair until every effort at resuscitation had been tried in vain. As he gazed on the pallid face that rested on his shoulders, he said involuntarily aloud, "Surely so much loveliness cannot perish thus."

One of the men had run before to announce the accident, so that when Mordaunt approached with his burden, the farmer's wife and her two daughters were standing at the door with anxious faces.

"This way—this way," cried the dame, opening the door of the best chamber, which, as customary in that section of the country, was on the first floor, "poor dear creature!—God grant she may yet have life!"

It would be impossible to describe the anxiety with which Mordaunt paced up and down the wide hall of the old house, while the females of the family were engaged in their sacred task of endeavoring to resuscitate the inanimate Alice. Minute after minute elapsed, yet nothing was heard from the bed-room. It seemed to Mordaunt as if an hour had passed, when the door was at last opened.

"What news?" he cried, springing forward and seizing the dame's hand.

"Does she live?"

"Thank God!" he was answered.

"She does!" cried Mordaunt, and his nerves, overwrought by the incidents of the morning, gave way; for a

moment he felt the weakness of a woman, and he turned away to hide a gush of tears.

When Alice had sufficiently revived to be sensible, her first inquiry was after her mother. She told her name, and begged that some one might be sent for her parent. Mordaunt, who watched still outside the chamber door, offered to gallop himself on the service, if a horse could be found. The dame said there was a spare beast in the stable, and fortunately a good one; at which Mordaunt saddling the animal himself, left the house on his errand.

When he reached the cottage of Mrs. Florence, his horse was in a foam—he flung himself off and, having recovered to see a stranger, where he had expected to see a stranger, the intimate friend of his deceased mother, the widow of his father's old partner! But his surprise was not greater than that of Mrs. Florence. Alice, however, was the first thought of the parent. Already alarmed by her daughter's protracted absence, the wet dress of her visitor aroused all maternal fears.

"My child!" she cried. "Oh! Mr. Mordaunt, did you come from my child?" "She is alive—and in no danger," said Mordaunt, and then in a few rapid words he told his errand. Before half an hour a carriage had been procured, and Mordaunt was accompanying Mrs. Florence to see her daughter.

That evening Alice was sufficiently recovered to sit up. Her mother had brought part of a wardrobe with her, and the patient, attired in a neat *neglige* dress, which made her all the more lovely from its reminding the spectator of the danger she had escaped, waited to receive and thank Mordaunt. The latter had been meantime to Wallington, where his yacht lay at anchor, and had exchanged his wet, sailor's attire, for the simple dress of a gentleman.

When the door opened, and Mordaunt entered, the blushes that dyed the cheek of Alice, rendered her beautiful beyond comparison. She looked up at Mordaunt, with eyes beaming with unutterable gratitude, but unable to find words, she burst into tears.

But Mordaunt was scarce less composed. He trembled like a leaf as he took the hand of Alice; and these tears destroyed what little self-command he had left. When next Alice looked up, and her eyes met his, his own dropped before her gaze. Ah! where was the bravery of either? Love had made both cowards. The great peril they had that day shared together, combined with Mordaunt's admiration for her bold spirit, it stood in the place of months of intimacy, and they already loved, she is not the less the belle of the ball-room or better than all, the tender companion of the social hour.

## DON'T GIVE UP.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I can't do it, father, indeed I can't." "Never say can't, my son, it isn't a good word."

"But I can't, father; and if I can't, I can't. I've tried, and tried, and the answer won't come out right."

"Suppose you try again, Edward," said Mr. Williams, the father of the discouraged boy.

"There's no use in it," replied the lad. "What if you go to school to-morrow without the correct answer to this sum?"

"I will be put down in my class," returned Edward.

Mr. Williams shook his head, and his countenance assumed a grave aspect. There was a silence of a few moments, and then the father said:

"Let me relate to you a true story, my son. Thirty years ago, two lads about your age were school companions. Both got on very well for a time; but as their studies grew more difficult, both suffered from discouragement, and each said often to his father, as you have just said to me, 'I can't.' One of the boys, whose name was Charles, had a brighter mind than the other, and could get through his task easier; but his father was very indulgent to him, and when he complained that his lessons were too hard, and said, 'I can't do that,' he requested the teacher not to be so hard with him."

"But it was different with the father of the other boy, named Henry. To complain he answered—'Don't give up, my boy! Try again, and if not successful, try again and again. You can do it—I know you can.'"

"This encouraged, this lad persevered, and in every case overcame the difficulties in his way. Soon although his mind was not naturally so active as that of his companion, he was in advance of him. When they left the school, which was about the same time, he was by far the best scholar. Why was this? He did not give up because the task was hard; for he had learned this important lesson—that we can do almost anything if we try."

"Well, these two boys grew up towards manhood, and it became necessary for them to enter upon some business. Henry was placed by his father in the office of a physician, but did not stay there long. He found it difficult in the beginning to remember the names and uses of the various organs of the body, and soon became so much discouraged that his father thought it best to alter his intention regarding him, and to put him into a merchant's counting room, instead of continuing him as a student of medicine. Here Charles remained until he became of age. Some few years afterwards he went into business for himself, and got on pretty well for a time; but every young man who enters the world, dependent upon his own efforts, meets with difficulties that only courage, confidence, and perseverance can overcome. He must never think of giving up. Unfortunately for Charles, these virtues did not make a part of his character. When trouble and difficul-

ties came, his mind sank under a feeling of discouragement; and he gave up at the time when all that was needed for final success was a spirit of indomitable perseverance that removes all obstacles. He sunk, unhappily, to rise no more. In giving up the struggle, he let go his hope in the future—and ere he had reached the prime of life, found himself shattered in fortune, and without the energy of character necessary to repair it."

"In the same office where Charles was placed, Henry was entered as a student of medicine. At first, when he looked into the books of anatomy, and read the